It never pays to foster pride, And squander wealth in show; For friends thus won are sure to run In times of want or wee.

Are gems of heart and brain-A conscience clear, A household dear. And hands without a stain.

And agains without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe
Or cater to a friend,
To fawn and whine, much less repine.
To borrow or to lend.
The faults of men
Are fewer when
Bach rows his own canoe,
For friends and debts
And pampered pets
Unbounded mischief brow,

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain.
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
A humble lot,

A hombie lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high
That wealth will buy,
Naught of contentment brings.

Naught of contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,
Well worthy of a song;
For age and truth must learn this truth—
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success!
While what is right
In Heavon's sight
Is always sure to bless.

—Ruston Transcript. -Boston Transcript.

HOW PERE PERRAULT SPENT HIS

LEGACY. At a fag end of the city, on the southern side, where the gay heart of Paris subsides into sch larly and meditative quarters, stretches a street to which certain details give a grotesque individuality. Viewed at midday, under the most favorable aspect of sunlight, it cannot be said to be a cheerful street. It is preternatually still; a number of shabby dogs doze under its doorways; glimpses into back yards reveal piled up fragments of bones, accumulations of rags and paper, and the general a mosphere is permeated with the smell of decaying vegetables. Should the visitor come upon some of the inhabitants loiter ng in the sunlight, men and women would appear eral a mosphere is permeated with the smell of decaying vegetables. Should the visitor come upon some of the inhabitants lolter og in the sunlight, men and women would appear to belong to a race bowed of back, clad in garmeots of raggedand patched antiquity, to assign a probable original date to which would puzzle the ingenious inquirer. He would discover, also, certain attributes common to the physiognomy of both sexes; thus when the eyes usually fixed on the ground are raised, they reveal the same expression of balanced scrutiny: an expression that may be also detected in those of the dogs, and would seem to indicate in all alike a mind open to the chances of life, but not expecting much from these chances. This spiritless, yet inquiring, attitude is doubtless a result of the occupation of the tribe. The aspect of the community, canine and human, shows that we have reaached that last rung of the big social ladder where stand those who minister in the lowliest form to the imperious demands civilization makes upon human nature.

It is the chiffoniers' quarter, and this long street is the Rue Mouffetardians is during the night. Their sleep is during the day. It is by no means always the sleep of the just; oftener the slumbers proceed from the brandy bottle.

forenooon a commotion arose in the One forenoon a commotion arose in the Rue Mouffetard—caused by the unprecedented tidings that the postman clattering up the street was inquiring for one of its inhabitants, "Pere Perrault." "There was a letter for Pere Perrault!" A host of ragged children

the signs the learned of their species had decided upon as a vehicle of communication for thought. This ignorance added to the sense of something extraordinary having happened in the arrival of a letter among them—a letter that was not to be delivered in an irresponsible fashion, but required, before being given up, the attestation of the recipient.

The postman opened a book. "Put a sign—a cross—here," he said with the laconic brevity becoming the man in office.

I'ere Perrault laboriously affixed a cross where the postman's finger kept pointing, and it was evident as he did so that his hand trembled. When the oblong parcel was delivered over to him, "A letter for me," he muttered again, as he turned it round and round, and his face wore a dazed expression, as if he were looking at a ghost.

For forty years the world outside the Rue

round, and his face wore a dazed expression, as if he were looking at a ghost.

For forty years the world outside the Rue Mouffetard had resolved itself to him into a number of refuse heaps placed before its doors, out of which he and his wife, baskets on back, lantern and hook in hand, and a dog at their heels, had nightly picked odds and ends, the sale of which formed their means of livelihood No link connected him with the outside world, but the rubbish it fung into its streets. Paris had gone through its agonies of revolution, Governments came and went, the reign of frivolity and fashion eddied in the atreets where blood had lately flowed, and in all these transformations Fere Perrault had trudged through the darkness, bending over the refuse heaps, unaffected by the life beyond. Now from this outside world a message came to him, from this outside world a message came to him, heaps, unaffected by the life beyond. Now from this outside world a message came to him, and he trembled before the mysterious visitant. "I/Ecrivain public," exclaimed Mere Perrault, giving an animated tug to the handkerchief wound turban-like around her head. "I/Ecrivain public," echoed children and chiffoniers as Pere Perrault stood turning the letter, his mind not having yet formulized the necessity of taking a step toward the unraveling of the secret it held. Ilis wife seized him by the sleeve, and as she dragged him along he instinctively clutched the missive and held it against his chest. The old couple walked

he instinctively clutched the missive and held it against his chest. The old couple walked rapidly, followed by a procession of small open-mouthed ragamuffins, and those of the chiffoniers who had sufficiently roused them-

pen-mouthed ragamuffins, and those of the chiffoniers who had sufficiently roused them selves from their slumbers.

They made their way to a wooden shed placed up against a wall, over the door of which an inscription announced that the Ecrivals public dwelt within. His charge for reading letters was from ten to twenty centimes; and for writing, fifty centimes, seventy-five centimes and one franc. All the neighborho d knew the tariff by heart, and understood that the scale of prices varied, according to the length, character, and amount of passion infused into the compositions. The role played by the Ecrivain public may be described as a cut between that of the barber of the Middle Ages and of the confessor. He knew the affairs of the Quartier, and was aquainted with its most intima's escrets. For over a quarter of a century he had made out its bills, he had written its letters of love, of sorrow, and of appeal. Pere and Mere Perrault knew the imporiant man by sight, but it was the first time they had crossed the threshold of his sanctum. The procession that had followed at their heels waited outside as they passed within.

Behind a table littered with some thumbed

passed within.

Behind a table littered with some thumbed Behind a table littered with some thumbed volumes and writing materials sat the learned man. L'Ecrivain public was fiably and round of limb, his scarce locks issued from a faded green cap, his beard was abundant, and his round spectacles impressive. L'Ecrivain public had a wide experience of letters, and he seemed to recognize at a glance that this was an important communication Pere Perrault's imagination was now during itself in dreams of a garden plan with cabbares, of a constant supply of s flavored with fresh verstables, of a dry overhead in bad weather. Considering prospect of comfort and plenty, her gypsy seemed to her a bitter experience of training the distracting wind and soaking rain. Pere Perrault's imagination was now during itself in dreams of a garden plan with cabbares, of a constant supply of s flavored with fresh verstables, of a dry overhead in bad weather. Considering prospect of comfort and plenty, her gypsy seemed to her a bitter experience of training the first of the silver of the silv

lie had a wine sapeared to recognize at a glance that this was seemed to recognize at a glance that this was an important communicated in the distracting wind and soaking rain.

Pere Perrault was silent, but it was no longer the silence of stupidity. A smouldering excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring to startly wanderings.

Other the Saling eyes seemed to indicate there we citement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands decorded with the desire of the with that old feverish look.

The fuelty-blanced voice of stupidity. A smouldering excitement kept him still; he was grasping his baggy knees with his hands, and staring to the close of their desired to the wondered which the fuel wanderings.

Other the saling point of the startly wanderings.

Other the salies are the hond of a winder with the Maire of the XIIIth Arrondissement of Paris, and ascertained that Jean Desire Perrantic was still all be a garden will be a still flowers and every green. "Evergreens but what kind of garden will the history of the death, a few weeks previous, of his brother Armand Leon he inherited the sum of the wondered with his was likely to active the the wondered which wondered which was a constraint. The fuelty was a constraint, was a likely to active the constraint of the start

The news of the legacy told to some of the loiterers by the Ecrivain public had preceded the old couple on their return to the itue Mouffetard. The quarter was on the tiptoe of excitement. A sudden regard for Pere Perrault had developed itself in the community. Mere Perrault noted how the old man was treated with a respect he had here been treated with before. The gargotic of Pere Michael was the resort of chilfoniers on holiday occasions. Thither Pere Perrault went at the invitation of his friends to take over the big question how to spend 3,000 franes. It was felt due to the community to consider the question as one of public interest, to be properly discussed only before a table on which stood brandy and petit vin blen. The Mouffet tardians are a silent race for one of stillic orbits in the proper content of the periods.

ranout of the gutters proflering guidance to the official. They trotted by his side, pointing with extended foreinger, while another detachment set off at a run to wake up Pere Perrault.

As the postman was turning into a grubby yard, there came out of it toward him a bent the mutter of artillery.

ountry of despotism.
The Mouffetardians are a reckless, lawless

Sohemian set, bu they are not of a spoil-sport lisposition, and the suggestion was firreely overruled and silenced as one likely to mar the overruled and silenced as one likely to mar the geniality of the meeting. To the majority present the prospect of doing nothing more but smoking and imbibling any amount of eau de vie appeared the only rational way of enjoying existence and spending 3,000 francs. Pere Blot, who had larger views, spoke up, and demonstrated that a chiffonier who would deserve well of the community should do something for his fellows; he held, there ore, that Pere Perrault ought to see up as a maltre chiffonier, buying up from his old mates, and giving be ter prices for their pickings. A round of applause greeted this proposition. Pere Perrault listened to the knocking of glasses about him. A feverish brightness gleamed in his eves, but he remained vaguely monosyllable. "That would be good; he did not say no." A chiffonier of feebler metal than his fellows, who had been known to wander o the fortifications and bring home limp nosegays of wild flowers, admitted that had he 3,000 francs he would have no more to do with the concern; he would buy a little house outside the bergine with a stein of realest a

reathe the air. Pere Perrault puffed away at his pipe, and Pere Perrault puffed away at his pipe, and gave that mysterious, soft chuckle that neither agreed nor disagreed; but Mere Perrault, who rather liked the last suggestion, noticed that the glow deepened in his pale cheek as he hearkened to it, yet he seemed thinking of something else. There was a queer look in his eyes, as if he were seeing there before him what no one else saw. The idea struck her that her old man had a notion of his own he was holding close.

That avaning the old couple sat over the

sour wine to more flery liquors, except occa-sionally on Sundays or national nolidays, when actuated by an indistinct idea that it was right to be festive; but Perrault's incertainen was always of a grotesquely sombre character. Mere Perrault's imagination was now in-dulging itself in dreams of a garden planted with caphages of a constant structure of some with cabbages, of a constant supply of soup flavored with fresh vegetables, of a dry roof navored with fresh veretables, of a dry food overhead in bad weather. Considering this prospect of comfort and plenty, her gypsy-life seemed to her a bitter experience of tramps

The husband and wife paid a mysterious wist to Pere la Chaise next day. They kept their project close. At the promised treat to his mates, Pere Perrault was a lent as the grave about it. After a while the scheme ozed out, however, and the Mouffetardians received the information first with incredulous laughter, then with boisterous derision. The unconcern of the couple at the sallies they provoked had a dampening effect upon their brilliancy, and brought to the perpetrators thereof a humiliating sense of wasted powder and shot.

After a while it became apparent that the community was growing accastomed to the idea, that some of its members were even displacements. They will be solved the solves of the couple at the sallies they provoked had a dampening effect upon their brilliancy, and brought to the perpetrators thereof a humiliating sense of wasted powder and shot.

After a while it became apparent that the solves of the couple at the sallies they are the solves of the couple at the sallies they are their project close. At all these tokens of regard Perelocations in solves a triumphal procession. An extra sum had been paid to secure a long march round by the Boulevards. It was a sunshing afternoon, all the world was out of doors, and men and women turned to look at the strange sight of that fine hearse, and the long file of patched and tattered folk. With the gentle received the information first with incredulous in such that the world account of the couple at the sallies they are their project sticks, a waft of the old comfort and of the old pride atole into his heart. The Moul-fetardians filed behind. To those trudgers on foot it was a triumphal procession. An extra sum had been paid to secure a long march round by the Boulevards. It was a sunshing afternoon, all the world was out of doors, and men and women turned to look at the strange sight of that fine hearse, and the long file of patched and tattered folk. With the gentle and tatter of the couple of the couple of the cold pride atole into his carrying s

Percent.

As the postman was tyrning into a graby

As the postman was tyrning

seemed as it these despised waits and parans felt vaguely the cheer of the redeeming sacredness of the body.

B: he time the combitone was to be designed the Quartier Monfletard had taken the matter in hand is one of personal interest. For the better display of the inscriptions it was decided that there should be two head-tones. The because of the latters was a quartien of much

ded that there should be two headstones. The character of the letters was a question of much noisy discussion. The majority, headed by Mere Perrault, considered that an amount of flourishes gave diguity to the signs. Pere Perrault inclined to plain and honest letters. A compromise was at last effected. The names of the two occupants would be recorded with due ornamentation, but the word "chiffonier," the word that, placed there, was to be glorification, an apotheosis of the craft—was to be carved in characters that Pere Perrault said would "skip" to the eyes at a distance of any one who could read. The epitaph was recognized to be second only in importance to that word. Mere Perrault, and not a few with her, were swayed by the stonecutter's offer to put not say no." A chiffonier of feebler metal than his fellows, who had been known to wander o the fortifications and bring home limp nosegays of wild flowers, admitted that had he 3,000 francs he would have no more to do with the concern; he would buy a little house outside the barriere, with a strip of garden to it, in which he would plant cabbages and beans. Of a Sunday Pere Perrault might ask his friends to come in and set in the shade and breathe the air. submitted:

peased, and its closing pose gone through, until all the quarter knew it and had chuckled over it in sympathetic pride. There could be no question about it. The Mouffeerdians felt they had gone up in the world. submitted:

"Cy git Jean Desire Perrault, Chiffonier, who for forty years worked in dirt, and who now rests in humble hope of a country where no refuse exists."

After some discussion, such inscrip ious—felt to be derogatory to the trade—were put a side, and two not strikingly original phrases were substituted. Over Mere Perrault's grave, as belonging to the sentimental sex, it was decided to exhort the passer-by to offer on Perc Perrault's to ask the passer-by to offer up a prayer.

When the the double of the Moufferardians felt they had gone up in the world.

Perhaps, as time went on, the thought of the dead so continually present in his life began to affect Pere Perrault's mind. He had dreamy fancies, when he would apparently forget his wife was not active and about. He would mut er and talk to himself. Once or twice, as he strapped on his hoft, he had been heard to call, "Hurry, old woman! Hurry! time for work." Owing to his confused state

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as belo iging to the sentimental sex, it was
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up a prayer
"After all, remarked Pere Perrault, complacently, putling away at his stump of a pipe,
"a prayer, some tears, are all one can give to
the dead; those fine ladies and gentlemen in
their coach can't have more."
Space will not allow us to dwell upon the delighted appreciation by the chiffoniers of the
stonecutter's representation of the two battered baskets and the Medor's portrait. On
his master's tomb he was shown trotting in
apparent pursuance of his calling; the carved
similitude of his inquiring nose and depressed
tail, that in their discordant expression seemed
scarcely to belong to the same individual,
were vo'ed exact copies of these two appendages. On his mistress' tomb Medor
was shown reposing.

During these discussions the plot of ground

There Perwill remarked without dealings of the control of the cont

afternoon, all the world was out of doors, and I trouble to repair the break. It is also well known that to carry off the electricity safely, the end of the rod must descend to moist earth; but notwith-ing this well-known fact, many rods are put up so that the rod descends into the ground so little depth that the ground at the end of the rod is dry most of the

It is laid down as a rule that a point of a rod will protect only a circle twice the diameter of the height of the point above the building, yet how many en-deavor to protect a thirty feet building with one or two points only five feet above the building, thus protecting less than two-ninths of the building. Sometimes we see rods running across the roof in different directions, with little points every foot or two in length but with only one, or at most two rods descending to the earth, thus inviting a large amount of electricity, without making the proper provision to carry it

Those who have rods on their houses should carefully examine them every year and see that they are in proper condition; or if not, to remove then altogether; for it is always dangerous to have a lightning rod on a building that is not properly put up, and always kept in good order.—Massachusetts Plough-

A Natural Gas Syndicate.

rault and his friends supped at Pere Michel's. It was a frugal feast, but the talk was glowing. The comogny enumerated one by one the glories of that day. Every incident of the pageant was dwelt upon. Pere Perrault alone was silent. Still, he was seeing vividly there before him, printed on the dark, each detail of that eventful journey to the cemetery; the beautiful car in front of him drawn by horses covered with black drapery, the silver fringe of which nearly swept the ground, the tributes of respect paid, the surprise of the crowd, the imperial carriage drawn aside, the sovereign doing homage; then the procession to the cemetery, the priests and the enfants de chour in their white robes, when to the tingling of the bells the volces swelled in prayer; and the coffin with the two crowns of immorte les laid upon it. Seeing all this so plain, Pere Perrault could not join in the talk; but still, he would mutter with a lit le trembling of the lips, "She is lucky—the old woman—sie is lucky." A year clapsed, and Mere Perrault's headstone stood alone amid the flowers tended by her husband and his mates. The appearance of that brilliantly blossoming grave, dedicated to the memory of a chiffonier attracted the attention of visitors to Pere la Chaise, and Pere Perrault, who haunted the spot as a b rd haunts its nest, would hear the comments of the strangers. Returning, he would relate them with animation to his friends of the Rue Mouffetard. "They were walking about like that—not seeing any that interested them—when, apriell! at sight of the old woman's grave they stooped. "Une chiffoniers!" and then they remained staring with their mouths wide open. Pere Perrault would wind up his tale by imitating the astounded attitude and experience of the comments of the visitors. The story was repeated, and its closing pose gone through, until all the quarter knew it and had chuckled over the second of the resistors. The story was repeated, and its closing pose gone through, until all the quarter knew it and had chuckled over the The fact that Bradford, Wellsville, Richburg, Bolivar, and all the towns and hamlets on the northern and middle oil fields are not only lighted, but heated by gas, the machine shops, boilers and hotels being supplied with the same fuel, has attracted the attention of the capitalists, and a syndicate is forming to still further utilize the natural gas of the northern belt, which extends from Lake Erie east 200 miles, and from Bloomfield, Ontario County, N. Y., south to near Pittsburgh; in other words, nearly 200 miles square. As an evidence that this gas is practically inexhaustible the fact s stated that one well at Sheffield, Warren County, has been flowing steadily for fifteen years, and another in Westmoreland County nearly as long, and the gas from either would light and heat the city of Philadelphia. Capitalists interested in the gas syndicate were in Bradford to-day, and, canvassing the situation, came to the conclusion that the scheme for furnishing natural gas through immense pipes to Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Baltimore, Washington, St. Louis and other cities east of the Mississippi River was entirely practicable. These wells are only isolated evidence of a failure to obtain oil. As soon as a gas well is struck that section is abandoned. There is no doubt any number of wells of a similar character could be struck in the sections known as gas-streaks, which are spurned by the oil operators. The gentlemen who are interested in the enterprise are all large capitalists, and are confident of ultimate success in supplying the great cities of the Union with gas, for light and fuel, at much less rates than ever electricity can be furnished. -Bradford

(Pa.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Press.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-The best butter from grass is further mproved by feeding the cows a little —Sheep on Key West Island lose their wool the second year and grow a full crop of hair.—N. Y. Sun.

-Corn Fritters: Mix well together one quart of grated sweet corn, two cups of milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of utter and two eggs well beaten. Season with pepper and salt, and fry like griddle cakes. - The Household.

-The law of New York provides that the owner or possessor of any dog that shall kill or wound any sheep or lamb shall be liable for the value of such sheep or lamb to the owner thereof, without proving notice to the owner or possesso such dog, or knowledge by him, that his dog was malicious or disposed to kill sheep.

-A celebrated English physician says pint of milk is equivalent in nutritive power to an ordinary mutton chop, and as a pint of milk will yield only an ounce of cheese, we must have in the latter a cheap and highly concentrated food. The English eat double the cheese in proportion to the population that onsumed by Americans. live to a great extent on cheese and In-dian corn. — Detroit Post.

-In bad seasons honey is apt to sonous. This arises from the fact that in such seasons the bees are often obliged to gather it from poisonous remove all poisonous plants from the neighborhood of hives. In 1790 a great many people in Philadelphia died from eating honey gathered from the flowers of the Kalmia latifolia. In good seasons he bees avoid poisonous plants .- Phila telphia Press.

-Cream ligs for dessert are prepared this way: Beat the white of one or wo eggs (according to the quantity you wish to serve); when very stiff, so that you can almost turn the platter upside lown without the egg running off; stir in as much pewdered sugar as you can and yet leave the frosting so that you dip the figs in it. If the fig is not en-tirely covered at the first dipping repeat the process; let them dry in the heater pr on a shelf over the stove.- N. Y.

-Potatoes, eggs and cold hashed meats sound very poor and thin and not at all luxurious as they are mentioned in an unadorned way. But if the hashed meat is carefully warmed up with a good flavor and put on to roast, if the pota-toes are chopped and browned and put around the meat, if the eggs are boiled, iced and laid around as a garnish, with a few capers sprinkled over and a border of parsley added on, you have a Delmonco ragout, and Brillat-Savarin would lunch with you .- Chicago Journal.

The Preservation of Eggs.

Much scientific attention has been de-

fetardians to console their mate after the fashion of Mere Perrault falled to lift the desolated ness from his face and manner. "Where two hald lived together two should die together." he repeated truculently, addressing nobody in particular, but as if the assertion of a distinct sentiment was a relief to him in his contused misery. The arrangements for the funeral had been so fully settled beforehand that it needed no supervision for the details to be carried out. There was a mourning coach for Monsieur let Cure. Pere Perrault had always contemplated walking, should it fall to his lot to be chief mourner. As he found himself ciad in black, following barcheated just behind the sable car, with is silver ornaments, drawn by two plumed horses, and preceded by officials carrying silver sticks, a waft of the old comfort and of the old pride stole into his heart. The Monfettalians flied behind. To those trudgers on foot it was a triumphal procession. An extra sum had been paid to secure a long march to make the ground; in many cases the owners know this but do not take the ground; and women turned to look at the stranger. lution of gelatine. Nollet experimented successfully with India rubber, colodion and various kinds of boot varnish. In practice, the most successful method has been that of Cornier, of Mans. This consists in covering the eggs with a varnish, the composition of which is kept a secret. The eggs are packed on end in sawdust, and, it is said, will preserve their freshness during quite nine months in any climate. Cadet de Vaux suggested the plunging of eggs for twenty seconds in boiling water, in order to coagulate that portion of the albumen nearest the shell, and then to pack them in vessels half filled with sifted cinders. This process-which, by the by, has been well known in some parts of Scotland for many years—yields excellent results, but if neglected but for a second or two, the eggs are liable to harden. The pro-cess known as "liming" in England, and as the Cadet-Gassicourt process in France, is very popular; on the other side of the Channel, however, "limed" eggs are never eaten a la coque, but only in the shape of omelettes, etc. Some preservers claim to obtain better results as far as the taste of the egg is concerned, by substituting ordinary salt for lime. The solution, it is said, penetrates the shell, and so acts upon the organic matter as to diminish its susceptibility to decomposition. The eggs are immersed during several hours. Appert, the Columbus of food preservers, gave some attention to the subject of eggpreservation. His favorite process was to introduce the eggs into a bottle half filled with bread crumbs to prevent breakages. After carefully corking the bottle, he placed it for several minutes in a sand bath, the temperature of which he kept at seventy degrees. For home consumption, the French peasantry have for ages preserved their eggs in a very simple fashion. They take a wooden case, or a large barrel, and pack them in thick layers of sawdust, fine sand, chalk, bran, cinders, or coal dust, so that they do not touch each other. In the Maritime Provinces, the peasants use layers of ashes moistened with salt water. Both these processes are successful. Drying eggs and reducing them to pow der (an invention patented by Chambard in 1852) is another method of preservation that is profitably pursued France. - London Grocer.

> Contract Work on Farms. The report comes from England that

on farms there is now performed by contract. This is especially true of cutting, curing, and putting up hay. The hay season occurs at the time when farmers and the usual number of men employed about the place are engaged in harvesting grain and cultivating turnips, and the labor of securing the hay-crop is let out by contract. Some enterprising man organizes a force of laborers, purchases team and some tools, and contracts to cut, cure, put in stack and to cover with thatch all the grass that grows on several farms in the same neighborhood. Oc-casionally all the men in the force are tail, that in their discordant expression seemed scarcely to belong to the same individual, in ghis senses to outward sights and sounds, here yo'ed exact copies of these two appendages. On his mistress' tomb Medure pendages. On his mistress' tomb Medure was not dependent upon his eyes, however, for finding his way to his goal. Crossing these discussions the plot of ground in Pere la Chaise bloomed like a garden under the care bestowed upon it by its future occurs pans; nor were they the only ones who prided the estate bestowed upon it by its future occurs pans; nor were they the only ones who prided the estate bestowed upon it by its future occurs price of the estate bestowed upon it by its future occurs price of the estate bestowed upon its by its future occurs price of the estate bestowed upon its by its future occurs price of the estate bestowed upon its by its future occurs price of the estate o working of cultivated crops is not neglected, as it is likely to be when all the men are called off to work at haying. Considerable saving is also effected the purchase of machinery for having. Quicago Times,

PROF. ROBERT ODLUM, of the Nata-torium, this city, was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.—Washington (D. C.) Star.

Before an apple becomes cider it must go the rounds of the press.

THE Boston Pilot says : St. Jacobs Oil stands without an equal.

WHAT Adam said on beholding the first sun-ise: "Go West, my sun, go West." Ir the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, eruptions, ulcers, or running sores, scrofulous tumors, swellings or general debility, take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

What relation is your father's only brother's sister-in-law to you! Your mother, of

Stevens Point, Wis., April 16, 1881.

H. H. Wanner & Co.: Sirs—The privations of the war imposed upon me what physicians call "chronic" diarrhea. Your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the only medicine that ever did me any good. SETH W. HORNSTED.

A REGIMENT with a military band in frould always march by play-tunes.

Tennyson's "May Queen. Who knows that if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierces's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable. By

ATLANTA has a pretty female shoemaker out such an institution cannot last.

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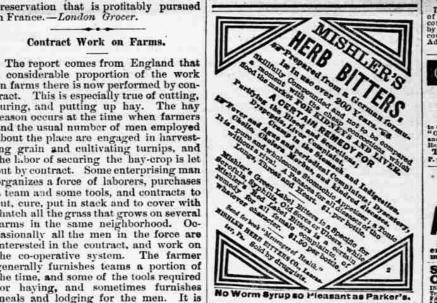
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